



OUR MOTTO—THE SAINTS' SINGULARITY—IS UNITY, LIBERTY, CHARITY.

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POETRY.

TO A LADY.

BY FREDERIC MILLER.

O couldst thou know how oft I've stood
Amid the dark wood's solitude,
And thought on thee, thou wouldst not know
Crouch my poor heart, and o'er that brow
Which throws around on all but me
Its lustre glow so playfully.
O that dark veil which chills the heart,
Whose dearest, only, light thou art.

I've stood with thee when through the sky,
The golden moon moved silently;
And mid the eyes that worship'd there,
To me there was not one so fair
Nor yet so dear as that blue eye,
Whose heavenly tranquility
Beamed upward to that glittering star,
As it found a dwelling there.

Dost thou remember when we stood
Gazing along the slumbering flood:
While moonlight waves were hushed to rest
Faintly and low across their breast
Sweet music stole? I mark'd thee then—
For thou wert wrapt from earth and men,
And thy pure soul looked smilingly,
And seem'd for brighter worlds to sigh.

As thy eye flew from star to star,
I deem'd thee brighter, dearer far
Than those fair orbs whose golden light,
Flung their soft lustre through the night,
And when thou turn'dst to earth again,
I saw that brightness still remain;
As if that intercourse had given
To thy fair brow the smile of heaven.

I've stood beside thee when the song
Flowed from thy lips,—and oh how strong
My throbbing heart dwelt on the string,
To catch those soft notes murmuring.
And when my soul was dark and sad,
They'd softly send their echoes glad
To soothe its woes—though not for me,
Were fram'd those notes of harmony.

Well, be it so! if I but dwell
Within thy sight—to worship still
To hear thy voice—to see thy smile,
Whose blushing light all care beguiles;
I will forgive thee, may'st thou live
In all the joys that life can give,
And when thy course of life is run,
And thou art gone—God's will be done.

From the Public Ledger, July 8.

AWFUL CALAMITY!—GREAT FLOOD AT CHESTER—LOSS OF LIFE AND PROPERTY.

The storm of Saturday last prevented the Southern mail from reaching this city by the regular route. The following letter, which we have received from Chester, by a private hand, gives a full account of the terrible disaster in that neighborhood. It bears the date of Sunday, and comes from a gentleman who was in the vicinity at the time:

"Chester and its vicinity are bowed down beneath the chastening hand of Providence. The borough and its neighborhood present scenes of desolation, such as in the absence of the terrors of war, have never been witnessed in this State. Our shores are strewn with wrecks, our streets filled with ruin, and from every section we hear tales of terror and desolation and death, sufficient to appal the stoutest heart. The recent rain had fully saturated the soil, and that of yesterday therefore flowed from the surface. In the afternoon the rain became heavy beyond description. It fell as if in a mass. The very hills were sheeted with water; and in the valleys, runlets became creeks, and creeks were swollen into rivers. A freshet was of course anticipated; but a flood, such as ensued, could not have been apprehended. It is said that the passengers in the afternoon boats saw a water-spout burst upon the heights between Ridley and Chester creeks; but though an ordinary fall of rain, however copious, seems inadequate to have produced the subsequent flood, and there is no satisfactory evidence of the existence of a water-spout.

"Fortunately, this took place before dark, or the scene would have been even more terrible than it was. In Chester, the torrent rose as if by magic, and swept angrily through the streets. The buildings which were most frail were swept away; and from others, females were borne through the angry and rushing waters, half dead with fright. Houses, dams, bridges, boats, and an immense mass of lumber, furniture, mill-wheels, &c., shot by upon the current. At length, while

the assembled citizens gazed, with white lips, on the ruin, the railroad bridge, built at an enormous expense, was lifted from its foundations and flung down the stream. The next to follow was the suspension bridge. The structure was one of which every enlightened American was proud, as it was the first chain-bridge built in the world.

"The factories of Mr Crozier, Mr Dickinson, Mr Riddle, and others, have been swept away. Immense numbers of bales of cotton, boxes of goods, barrels of dye-wood and barrels of flour, have been carried down to Delaware, or scattered upon the meadows in which the flood in its fury broke and deposited its spoil. It is believed that all the dams are gone. The pecuniary loss to individuals is frightfully great; and that which has fallen upon the county is not less appalling. The lowest estimate of loss is \$250,000; but this is made up, to a great extent, upon conjecture. The county will probably be constrained to raise, by loan, the means of constructing her bridges, as all intercourse between the different sections of the county is now cut off.

"But the loss of property, terrible as it is, is inconsiderable to the loss of life with which this affliction of Providence has been attended. It is believed that not less than twenty, and probably as many more, persons have been drowned. At one place on the Chester creek, an entire family, that of Mr Rhoads, consisting of himself, wife, and two small children, found it impossible, so instantaneous was the rise and rush of the torrent, to escape the house, and all perished. At the Flower Mills, a devoted mulatto woman, finding that Mr Flower was in great danger, attempted to rescue him, but the sudden dash of the flood swept her away, and she was engulfed. Mr Flower, who was in an upper story of the mill, leaped from the window into a tree; here he remained until the torrent tore up the tree and swept it onward. He, however, succeeded in getting hold of the branches of another tree that resisted the tide, and he was saved. Several bodies have been found upon the shore and in the meadows. This fatality is to be ascribed to the unparalleled suddenness of the rise of the water. It was as if the earth had opened and poured forth her secret flood. Scarcely was the presence of danger known, before it was followed by the absence of hope. Hundreds of hair-breadth escapes are narrated. The whole country is over spread with gloom, and the consequences of last night's calamities will long overshadow the prosperity of this lovely section of country."

We learn further that five persons were drowned at Bancroft's, on Ridley creek. Fifty bridges in the county, it is said, can be counted destroyed, together with almost every mill-dam. Mr Crozier's loss is supposed to be from \$50 to \$75,000. Kit's pattern shop is gone, Mr Benton's house, Wm Kerlin's, Mr Wm Eyre's board yard swept away, Joshua P & Wm Eyre's storehouse completely emptied.—Jesse M Eyre suffered great loss in store goods. On Ridley creek we have heard of four bridges being carried away, and a number of houses. It is probable there are many more. The railroad bridges over Ridley, Crum, and Darby, are not gone.

CANDOR OF HUSBAND AND WIFE.

A WHISPER TO THE HUSBAND.

The happiness of the wife is committed to the keeping of the husband; prize the sacred trust, and never give her cause to repent the confidence she has reposed in you. In contemplating her character recollect the materials human nature is composed of, and do not expect perfection.

Do justice to her merits and point out her faults; for I do not ask you to treat her errors with indulgence, but then endeavor to amend them with wisdom, gentleness and love.

Do not just about the bonds of a married state. Make it an established rule to consult your wife on all occasions. Your interest is hers; and undertake no plan contrary to her advice and approbation; then if the affair turns out ill, you are spared reproaches both from her and your own feelings. There is in woman an intuitive quickness, a sagacity, a penetration and foresight into the probable consequences of an event, that make her peculiarly calculated to give opinion and advice.

If you have any male acquaintances, whom, on reasonable grounds, your wife wishes you to resign, do so. Never witness a quarrel from your wife with apathy or indifference. Words, looks, actions—all may be artificial; but a tear is unequivocal: it comes direct from the heart, and speaks at once the language of truth, nature and sincerity! Be assured, when you see a tear on her cheek her heart is touched, and do not, I again repeat do not behold it with coldness or insensibility.

Let contradiction be avoided at all times.

Never upbraid your wife with the meanness of her relations; invidious

against herself are not half so wounding. Should suffering of any kind assail your wife, your tenderness and attention are particularly called for. A look of love, a word of pity or sympathy, is sometimes better than medicine.

Never reproach your wife with any personal or mental defect; for a plain face sometimes conceals a heart of exquisite sensibility and merit, and her consciousness of the defect in her appearance to the slightest attention or inattention. When in the presence of others, let your wife's laudable pride be indulged by your showing you think her an object of importance and preference. The most trivial word or act of attention and love from you gratifies her feelings; and a man never appears to more advantage than by proving to the world his affection and preference for his wife.

Never run on in enthusiastic encomiums on other women in presence of your wife: she does not love you better for it. Much to be condemned is a married man constantly rambling from home for the purpose of passing away time. Surely, if he wants employment, his house and grounds will furnish him with it, and if he wishes for society, he will find it in his wife, children and books, the best society in the world.

There are some men who will sit an entire day with their wives, and scarcely a word escape their lips. This is wrong; you should converse freely on all such occasions. Be always cheerful, gay and good humored. When abroad do not avoid speaking to your wife.—Few women are insensible of tender treatment. They are naturally frank and affectionate; and in general there is nothing but austerity of look or distance of behavior, that can prevent those amiable qualities from being evinced on all occasions.

When absent, let your letters to your wife be warm and affectionate. A woman's heart is peculiarly formed for tenderness; and every expression and endearment of the man she loves is flattering and pleasing to her.

A husband whenever he goes from home should always endeavor to bring some little present to his wife. In pecuniary matters do not be penurious or too particular. Your wife has an equal right with yourself to all your worldly possessions. Besides, really a woman has innumerable trifling demands on her purse, many little wants which it is not necessary for a man to be informed and which even if he went in the trouble of investigating, he could not understand.

A WHISPER TO THE WIFE.

Study your husband's temper and character; and be it your pride and pleasure to conform to his wishes. Check at once the first advances to contradiction, even of the most trivial nature.—Beware of the first dispute.

Whatever would have been concealed as a defect from the lover, must with great diligence be concealed from the husband. The most intimate and tender familiarity cannot surely be supposed to exclude decorum.

Let your husband be dearer and of more consequence to you than any other human being; and have no hesitation in confessing those feelings to him.

Endeavor to make your husband's habitation alluring and delightful to him. Let it be a sanctuary to which his heart may always turn from the ills and anxieties of life.

I know not two female attractions so captivating to us as delicacy and modesty.

If possible, let your husband suppose you think him a good husband, and it will be a strong stimulus to his being so.

No attraction renders a woman at all times so agreeable to her husband as cheerfulness and good humor.

In the article of dress, study your husband's taste, endeavor to wear what he thinks becomes you.

Make yourself as useful to him as you can, and let him see you employed as much as possible in economical pursuits.

Endeavor to feel pleased with your husband's friends.

How indecorous and offensive it is to see a woman exercising authority over her husband and saying, "I will have it so." "It shall be done as I like," &c.

Never join in any jest or laugh against your husband.

Assiduously conceal his faults and speak only of his merits.

In married life, confidants are by no means desirable.

Conceal from others any little discord or disunion that occurs between you and your husband.

Never receive the particular attentions of other men.

Be you ever so conscious of a superiority of judgment or talent, never let it appear to your husband.

Shun extravagance. Attention to order and regularity will contribute much to the comfort of your husband.

A woman never should appear unti-

dy or badly when in the presence of her husband.

Let home be the sole scene of your wishes, your plans, your exertions.

There is an old observation that a mother and daughter in law are natural enemies. But let your manner to relations-in-law be particularly kind and considerate.

In your manner to your servants, be firm without being severe, and kind without being familiar. Let your commands to your servants be consistent and reasonable; and then firmly but mildly insist on obedience to them. It is very disheartening to a poor servant to be continually found fault with. Praise and reward them when you can; human nature will not bear a constant chiding.

HEROISM OF AN AFFGHAN GIRL.

An Unguarded Trait of Ghuznee.

While the Affghans were disputing our entrance into the citadel, an accident occurred, which for a moment diverted the attention of the combatants and turned their fury into pity. Amongst the foremost of the party who signified themselves by their desperate gallantry was an aged chieftain, the richness of whose costume excited general attention, his turban and weapons being resplendent with jewels. The hope of plunder immediately marked him out as an object of attack, and numbers at once assailed him. He defended himself like a man who knew that there was no chance for life, but who was resolved to sell it as dearly as he could. He had killed several of the Queen's Royals, and severely wounded Capt. Robinson, when a grenadier of the company to which the latter belonged, seeing his officer in danger, rushed to his assistance and brought the old chieftain to the ground. The grenadier was about to despatch him, when a beautiful girl, about seventeen, threw herself into the melee, and plunged a dagger in his breast. She then cast herself on the body of the chieftain, for the purpose of protecting it, and the Affghans forming a sort of rampart before them, maintained their ground until the heroic girl succeeded in getting it conveyed into the centre of the citadel. Shortly after the place was taken, she was found weeping over the remains of her brave old man; who on enquiry was found to be her father. She was treated with the utmost respect and tenderness by our men; who neither obtruded themselves on her grief, nor offered any interruption to the preparation which she had made for interment.—English Paper.

MARRIED ALMOST.—A Narrow Escape.

A laughable mistake occurred at the performance of a marriage ceremony at one of our churches yesterday morning, which came very near proving serious, and marrying off a young man in the prime of life without previous forethought or warning, and illustrating practically, the danger of going a gunning, unless well skilled in the use of arms. When the parties appeared before the altar, the Rector taking the groomsmen to be the happy man, placed him alongside of the lovely bride, asked him his name, and proceeded with the ceremony; and had not half way through the first paragraph before the astonished groom recovered self-possession to stop the worthy Rector and inform him that he was the assistant and not the principal. An exchange of places was soon made and the services concluded without interruption; all retiring from the church well satisfied that the affair was terminated as at first designed. We understand that the groomsmen has firmly resolved that he will not place himself in so dangerous a position again, and that next time he stands before the altar, he will stand there on his own account and not as second for another.—Clee Her.

EXTRAORDINARY RISE IN THE MONONGAHELA.

The late rise in the Monongahela was one of the most remarkable which has occurred for many years. We are informed by 'old residents' that they do not recollect any similar one to have taken place within their memories. In mid-summer, during a drought, to see a large river rise in one day seven or eight feet, and that without rain in the immediate vicinity, is, to say the least, remarkable. We are informed by a gentleman from the Monongahela that at one point there was fourteen feet of a rise on Thursday. This must have partially spent itself before it reached the city, as the water was not so high here. It came down like a swell.

We hear that there was no rain this side Morgan's town, Virginia; and yet a few miles up the Monongahela large trees have floated down, which have been torn up by the roots. We shall expect to hear of a tremendous rain having occurred at the sources of the river, if not of a cloud bursting, or a water spout.

The river is now in fine navigable condition for the largest class of boats, and will probably so continue for some time to come.

In fact, navigation is never suspended here, for a large number of boats have been built here of late years, which can pass up and down in the very lowest stages of the river, and carry both freight and passengers at reasonable rates.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Cannibalism.—Gen. Cass mentions in his oration, at Fort Wayne, on the 4th inst., what will probably be new to most readers, that the powerful tribe of Indians who formerly occupied that country, had a 'Man-eating Society.' We give the extract:—"It is forty three years since I landed upon the northern shore of Ohio, a young adventurer seeking the land of promise, which has been to him, as to many others, the land of performance. At that time the Territory of Osage was formed one government, under the name of the North western Territory. I shall not stop to bring before you the incidents of a frontier life, nor the difficulties and privations and sufferings, in peace and war, by which the forest is acquired and reclaimed, and finally subdued. During many years this region had its full share of troubles. The line of your canal was a bloody war path, which has seen many a deed of horror. And this peaceful town had its Mohr, and the records of human depravity furnish no more terrible examples of cruelty than were offered at his shrine. The Miami Indians, our predecessors in the occupation of this district, had a fearful institution, whose origin and objects have been lost in the darkness of aboriginal history, but which was continued to a late period, and whose orgies were held upon the very spot where we now are. It was called the Man-eating Society, and it was the duty of its associates to eat such prisoners as were preserved and delivered to them for that purpose. The members of this society belonged to a particular family, and the dreadful inheritance descended to all the children, male and female. The duties imposed could not be avoided, and the sanctions of religion were added to the obligations of immemorial usage.—The feast was a solemn ceremony, at which the whole tribe was collected, as actors or spectators. The miserable victim was bound to a stake, and burned at a slow fire, with all the refinements of cruelty, which savage ingenuity could invent. There was a traditional ritual, which regulated with revolting precision, the whole course of procedure at these ceremonies. Latterly, the authority and obligations of the institution had declined, and I presume it has now disappeared. But I have seen and conversed with the head of the family, the chief of the society, whose name was White Skin. With what feelings of disgust, I need not attempt to describe. I will now present an intelligent Canadian, who was present at one of the last sacrifices made to this horrible institution. The victim was a young American, captured in Kentucky, during the revolutionary war. Here, where we are now assembled in peace and security, celebrating the triumph of art and industry, within the memory of the present generation, our countrymen have been thus tortured, and murdered, and devoured. But, thank God, the council fire is extinguished.—The impious feast is over."—[N Y Sun.

Alas, the Bachelor!—We dropped in suddenly on a bachelor acquaintance, the other day, and just as we made our appearance, he put something in his pocket very hurriedly, and looked as guilty as if he had been caught kissing a spinster. We cast our eyes at his pocket, and half way out hung the secret. It was his stocking! The poor miserable fellow had been darning it and it astonished us to see what perfection he had arrived at in that branch of home industry. You may give him up, girls.—[Exch. paper.

The First Bank in America.—It has been the general opinion that the first bank in America was the Bank of North America, established in Philadelphia. The Cincinnati Chronicle, whose editor has been dipping into the antiquities of the country, says that seventy years before the Bank of North America, the Legislature of South Carolina established a Public Bank, and issued forty-eight thousand pounds in bills of trust. These bills were called bank bills, and the establishment was called a public bank. These were lent out at interest, or loaned on personal security.

Important Discovery.—On the farm of Gen. Thomas C. Miller, in Dickinson township, Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, there has recently been discovered an immense vein of pure red Ochre, of the finest quality, second only to the finest Venetian red. Gen. Miller is now preparing it in large quantities for the market. Its purity is such that it requires but to be dried in the sun and ground to be used for the finest painting. From the appearance of the mine it is supposed there is an amount sufficient to supply the whole United States.

WILL GREAT BRITAIN BUY OUR WHEAT?

The following article is from the New York Express of the 24th ult.

In an article a few days since on the subject of the Canadian corn law, we stated the annual average deficiency of the grain crops in Great Britain. We have now before us a statement of the importation of each year, from 1822 to 1841 inclusive, with the average price of wheat in Great Britain for each year.

Year.	Wheat, bush.	Price of Wheat.
1822	6,700,000	\$2.40
1823	11,000,000	2.00
1824	12,700,000	2.25
1825	12,000,000	2.00
1826	2,500,000	2.40
1827	658,000	2.00
1828	807,000	2.00
1829	202,000	2.75
1830	250,000	2.00
1831	2,000,000	2.00
1832	15,000,000	2.25
1833	22,000,000	2.00
1834	19,211,000	2.00
1841	21,182,000	1.10

The average deficiency, it will be seen, is about 10,000,000 bushels. We have before assumed that the surplus produce of Canada is small, if indeed there be any surplus, and that this demand must be supplied, either from the United States or the continent of Europe. It has been suggested in some quarters that we cannot compete profitably with the wheat growing countries on the Mediterranean or Black Sea, where labor is worth next to nothing. A few facts will show what we have to apprehend from that quarter. Pending the agitation of the corn law question, extensive investigations were ordered by Parliament, and very minute information respecting all the grain growing countries of Europe was obtained. The result showed satisfactorily that little reliance can be placed in the continent for a supply. The greatest surplus quantity of wheat which the whole continent of Europe could supply under the most favorable circumstances, was shown to be a little over 17,000,000 bushels. The reports secured in stating that the crops on the continent are as precarious as in England, and in some other countries more so, besides the governments frequently, where there is any apprehension of a scarcity, prohibit the exportation. A nation, dependent on foreigners for a portion of her bread stuff every year, cannot rely on a market so uncertain.

The investigation alluded to above also shows that the average cost of continental wheat at Liverpool, not including duty, was £2 5s 4d a quarter or \$1.25 a bushel; and the average duty under the sliding scale about 55 cents a bushel, to which all wheat, except from British provinces, is still subject, and the cost of wheat is raised to \$1.80. Now we will see for how much American wheat can be delivered at Liverpool, duty paid. We will take the present prices at Cleveland, which is certainly above a fair average.

Cost of a bushel of wheat at Cleveland, \$1.90
Freight to Liverpool via Montreal, 30
Canadian and British duty, 12

Cost of continental wheat, \$1.43
1.80

Difference in favor of America, 38
The commissioners and other incidental charges, we have supposed the same in both cases. The difference is enough to put an end to competition. Another advantage the Canadian wheat has over the continental, is, that while the former is to be admitted at first duty, the latter is subject to all the fluctuations of the sliding scale. When a shipment is ordered from Odessa or Bantz, the duty may be 30 cents a bushel; but when the cargo arrives it may have risen to 60.

Persons from Nauvoo state, that it is understood there and it is so expressed by every body, that in consequence of the Mormons voting for Hoge, no more writs will be issued for Joseph Smith. We trust that this agreement will not be broken. We should be sorry, indeed, to see Governor Ford issue another writ on the eve of an election. We are sure he will not do it, unless he considers there is danger threatened to the constitution.—Sanguine Courier.

A Floral Curiosity.—We have often heard of a white black-bird, but never till now of a green rose yet such a one has been produced in Bladen, N. Carolina. This change in the color of the flower is supposed to have been effected by setting out a common daisy rose bush in the spot from which a sunbush had just been removed, and it is believed that the roots of the two mingled.

[Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

Doing Good.—How often do we sigh for opportunities of doing good, whilst we neglect the openings of Providence in little things which would frequently lead to the accomplishment of most important usefulness! Dr. Johnson used to say, 'He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any.' Good is done by degrees. However small a proportion the benefit which follows individual attempts to do good, a great deal may thus be accomplished by perseverance even in the midst of discouragements and disappointments.—Crabbe.

Raising the Wind.—An ingenious, but not altogether original expedient for raising the wind, was put into successful operation in the upper part of New York the other day by a female dressed in plain and decent garb, and of rather respectable appearance. She went into the house of an old gentleman, and presenting the compliments of the lady who lived next door, asked the loan of two dollars till next morning. The old gentleman had not 2, but handed her a \$5 bill and requested her to return the balance. The successful lady then went to the next house, and there on a similar pretence, obtained \$5 more and of course, immediately decamped. Benevolent, obliging people, ought to be on their guard.—[BOSTON MAIL.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAM SHIP HIBERNIA.

Sixteen Days Later from England.
The Hibernia sailed from Liverpool on the afternoon of the 4th instant, and brings London and Liverpool papers of that date. She arrived at Halifax on the 16th instant, at eight o'clock, a. m., and sailed for Boston the same day at 11 o'clock a. m., and arrived at her wharf in East Boston, at 10 o'clock last night. She took her first last evening at 8. Her passage was thirteen days.

The news is not of any great and exciting interest. In Ireland and Spain, however, affairs are of a character calculated to arrest the attention of diplomatists, statesmen and lovers of liberty and reform.

The Hibernia, on her last trip home, made the passage in less than Nine Days.

The Steamer Pegasus, running between Leith and Hull, has been lost, and about 30 persons drowned.

Dr. Orville Dewey, the distinguished American writer and preacher, is on a visit to that country, and has occupied the pulpits of several Unitarian churches in and near the metropolis.

The Right Honorable, the Earl of Glasgow, died at Edinburgh on Thursday week.

The Honorable Abbott Lawrence, late Representative of the city of Boston, in the House of Representatives of the United States, had arrived with his family at the Brunswick Hotel, Hanover square.

The Glasgow underwriters will suffer very severely by the loss of the Columbia steamer, which was principally insured at that city. The amount is stated at upwards of 40,000, underwritten by several of the most influential brokers.

IRELAND.—The National publishes a third list of subscriptions in France, in favor of the repeal agitation in Ireland. It amounts to 412 francs, 50 centimes—making the total amount subscribed 1,137 francs 50 centimes.

The following appears in the Naval and Military Gazette:—

The Duke of Wellington is prepared to concentrate the troops in Ireland, and all the small detachments will be called in; barracks, long unoccupied, are ordered to be furnished for the accommodation of troops; and stations where, of late, only a company was quartered, will have a complete regiment. Far more is doing towards placing the country in a state to be defended than merely meets the eye. Troops are at the most convenient points for transmission; and we know that arms and ammunition are disposed at safe places in this country for their transport over when circumstances shall require it.

Another large Repeal meeting took place on the 21st ult. It was numerously attended.

The dinner took place in a large room of the Mitre Hotel, accommodating about 400 gentlemen, and nearly half the number of ladies as spectators.

Mr. O'Connell addressed the company for upwards of an hour. They had arrived, he said, at a crisis which would leave Ireland a degraded and pitiful province for centuries, or raise her at once to the dignity of a national independence. While compelling England to do them justice, they never omitted to warn her that they were agitators with ulterior views, and that they had in contemplation the nationality of Ireland. Mr. O'Connell alluded to the myriads of determined repealers who had attended the several repeal demonstrations, observing that even if England were in a state of perfect prosperity, Ireland now possessed a moral force sufficient to break down every barrier that stood in the way of her independence; but, instead of that, the manufacturers of England are declining, and her revenue, notwithstanding the income tax, was diminishing. (A voice, "More of that to her!") Right, more of that to her, until she did justice to Ireland, and then might every prosperity and glory attend her march. He proceeded to show that the condition of Spain, the offer of support from France, and the well attested sympathy of America, made England very insecure while Ireland was dissatisfied.

Nothing but fear kept her at present from attempting to coerce Ireland; for when was she strong that she did not do so? As soon as she found that she could not cut their throats, she resolved to bully them, and out came the threat of civil war from Peel and Wellington, who are now neither for coercion, threats, nor civil war, but for doing nothing.

The "Times," too, bullied and blustered, and called the Ministers traitors for not cutting the throats of the Repealers; but now what said that journal? Why, that Repeal was a joke, and the government, forsooth, were to cut their throats for a joke. (Laughter.) The Whig publications said, "Let the Irish go on and they will grow tired." (A voice, they lie!) It was not so easy to tire him, at least.

(Cheers.) The Whigs said, "Wait a while, and when we get into power, we will give you everything." Would the men of Galway grow tired to gratify the Tories? (No, no!) Or would they wait for the Whigs? (No, no!) They must not then be content with meeting, or with giving a passing cheer; they must work in their respective parishes with a view to make every man a Repealer, and should have as little as possible to do with any man that refuses to become one.

CHINA.—The news from China is extremely scanty. Reports had been circulated of Sir Henry Pottinger's sickness, but they were regarded as exaggerations. He was said, according to the latest news of the beginning of May, to be waiting for the arrival of the new Imperial Commissioner, Ke Ying, who was expected at Canton about the beginning of June.

The death of Captain Farmer, of Her Majesty's ship Driver, was mentioned.

The Phlegethon had arrived at Calcutta on the 7th of June, from Hong Kong 7th of May.

The Queen steamer had been ordered to get ready for sea at Calcutta in the beginning of July. Some of the newspapers imagine that Lord Ellenborough is going back to Europe; but this fact may be doubted in the middle of the south-west monsoon.

June 15, 6 o'clock.—A letter from Hong Kong has arrived, dated March 7th. From it, it appears that business was most active to the north. There were seven ships in the Yang-Tze-Kiang, selling openly, at Woosung opium and British goods. They had been warned off by the authorities, but having persisted, they were allowed to continue their sales.

The Americans are busy in smuggling. Sir Henry Pottinger sought to stop the trade, but in vain. Captain Hope endeavored to detain some vessels, but they were subsequently released.

THE BLACKSMITH.

We have given you some instances of courage and heroic daring among those high in station, and renowned in fame. One instance more—an example of reckless courage. The hero was a stout blacksmith—aye, an humble blacksmith, but his stout frame, hardened by toil, throbbled with as generous an impulse of freedom as ever beat in the bosom of a La Fayette, or throbbled around the heart of mad Anthony Wayne.

It was in the full time of the retreat, that a follower of the American camp, who had at least shouldered a cart-whip in his country's service, was driving a baggage wagon from the battlefield, while some short distance behind a body of Continentals were rushing forward, and a troop of Britishers in close pursuit.

The wagoner had arrived at a narrow point of the bye-road leading to the south, where two high banks of rock and crag arising on either side, afforded just space sufficient for the passage of his wagon, and not an inch more.

His eye was arrested by the sight of a stout, muscular man, some forty years of age, extended at the foot of a tree at the very opening of this pass. He was clad in the coarse attire of a mechanic—his coat had been flung aside, and with the shirt sleeves rolled up from his muscular arms, he lay extended on the turf, with his rifle in his grasp, while the blood streamed in a torrent from his right leg, broken at the knee by a cannon ball.

The wagoner's sympathies were arrested by the sight—he would have paused in the very instant of his flight, and placed the wounded blacksmith in his wagon, but the stout-hearted mechanic refused.

"I'll not get into your wagon," he exclaimed, in his rough way; "but I'll tell you what I will do. Do you see yonder cherry tree on top o' that rock that hangs over the road? Do you think you could lift a man of my build up that? For you see, neighbor," he continued, while the blood flowed from his wound, "I never meddled with these Britishers until they came trampling over this valley, and burned my house down. And now I'm all riddled to pieces, and haint got more than fifteen minutes life in me! But I have got three good rifle balls in my cartridge box, and to jist prop me up against that cherry tree, and I'll give 'em the whole three shots, and then," he exclaimed, with an oath, "and then I'll die!"

The wagoner started his horses ahead, and then with a sudden effort of strength, dragged the blacksmith along the sod to the foot of the cherry tree surmounting the rock by the road-side.

In a moment his back was propped against the tree, his face was toward the advancing troopers, and while his shattered leg hung over the bank, the wagoner rushed on his way, and the blacksmith very coolly proceeded to load his rifle.

It was not long before a body of American soldiers rushed by, with the British in pursuit. The blacksmith

greeted them with a shout, and then raising his rifle to his shoulder, he picked the foremost from his steed, with the exclamation, "That's for General Washington!" In a moment the rifle was again was loaded, again was it fired, and the pursuing British rode over the body of another fallen officer. "That's for myself!" cried the blacksmith. And then with a hand strong with the feeling of coming death, the sturdy freeman again loaded, again raised his rifle. He fired his last shot, and as another officer kissed the sod, a tear quivered in the eye of the dying blacksmith, "And that," he cried, with a husky voice, which strengthened into a shout, "And that's for Mad Anthony Wayne!"

Long after the battle was past, his body was discovered, propped against the tree, with the features frozen in death, smiling grimly, whilst the right hand grasped the never-failing rifle.

And thus died one of the ten thousand brave mechanic heroes of the Revolution—brave in the hour of battle—undaunted in the hour of retreat—undismayed in the hour of death.

THE NEIGHBOR.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 6, 1843.

The Weather.—The dry season seems to be gone and past, and the long drought has been succeeded by several refreshing showers.

We have nothing of particular interest in our European news this week. O'Connell is still agitating the repeal question in Ireland; while the attention of the British Parliament seems to be wholly engrossed with the subject.

Depredations are still being committed in Wales, by Rebecca and her Daughters, and more efficient measures have been taken to put a stop to these lawless outbreaks.

Nauvoo still continues on the even tenor of her way; buildings are progressing rapidly on every hand, and whichever way you turn your attention, the spirit of improvement and enterprise is abundantly manifested. She is speedily destined to be the great emporium of the west.

We have been solicited to publish articles setting forth the good qualities of the candidates for the office of Probate Justice; but have declined publishing them; as we wish not to interfere in such matters. We suppose they are both good men, both competent to fulfil the office with honor and dignity; relative to the choice of the men, the people must be the judge; and as far as we are concerned we would rather see them go in on their "own hook."

Average mortality of Mankind.—The population of the whole earth has been variously estimated between eight hundred thousand and a million million souls. According to the English pocket diary, if we fix upon an intermediate number, say 946,080,000, and assign thirty years for the continuance of each generation, we shall find that the children of men come into the world and go out in the following average:

Every moment . . . 1
Every minute . . . 60
Every hour . . . 3,600
Every day, 24 hours . . . 86,400
Every week, 7 days . . . 604,800
Every month, 30 days . . . 2,592,000
Every year, 365 days . . . 32,536,000
Every generation, 30 years 946,080,000

It thus appears that every stroke of the pendulum ushers a human being into existence and heralds the departure of another to that vast bourne from whence no traveller returns. It would be well that all should ponder and consider the certainty of the latter great event, and set their house in order as becometh good members of society, having the interest of their parents, children or relations at heart, by endeavoring, while they have the opportunity to study their welfare by securing life in a better world.

Specie of the World.—The entire amount of specie of the world is estimated by Jacobus at \$1,900,000,000. In Europe there is supposed to be \$1,000,000,000. According to the best authorities, it is supposed that the paper circulation in Europe is fourteen times the specie currency.

A Curious Circumstance.—The St. Clair county (Ill.) Banner says, that a "Mr. John M. Geol, of Port Huron, in that county, commenced near his house boring for water, and after having sunk a shaft to the depth of 115 feet, he suddenly heard a hissing noise, which he supposed to be water rising where he had bored. He immediately commenced taking up his shaft, which as soon as he had done, was followed by a noise as loud as and resembling that made by the largest steamboat letting off steam, and a rush of gas throwing stones, sand, &c., to the length of 100 feet, and with such force as to throw stones weighing from five to ten pounds, when placed in the office, to the height of several feet. A large tube has been inserted over the hole, and up to the present time it has continued, although not as strong as at first, to emit a strong current of gas, of an inflammable nature, supposed to be hydrogen. We yesterday visited the spot, and saw the gas lighted. It burnt freely, producing a bright flame and slightly impregnated with a sulphuric smell, but when burning or otherwise, not the least offensive."

Useful Hint.—Never enter a sick room in a state of perspiration, at the moment you become cool your pores absorb. Do not approach contagious diseases with an empty stomach; nor sit between the sick and the fire, because the heat attracts the virus.

A Vicious Boy Now a Murderer.—The New York Sun says:—We have a short history of Abder Rogers, Jr; now about to be tried in Boston for murdering the keeper of the prison, from which we learn that, while a boy, his parents neglected his education, and permitted him to roam about with a number of idle boys who infested the town of Newbury, Mass. He commenced his career with idleness; next he left the school and despised the instruction it afforded; then he scoffed at the admonitions of those who tried to guide him in the path to future happiness and honor as a man and a citizen; he despised all their counsels, spent his time with lazy boys, like himself, who swore, smoked, chewed, drank rum congregated in squads and laughed at the wise boys of the village as they passed to school or to industrious employments. At the age of nineteen he was sent to prison for passing bad money; and from one step to another, he soon ascended the ladder of crime to where he now stands, on the topmost rung, about to step off on the gallows, there to end his career at the early age of thirty. This is only one among a thousand instances of the danger of commencing to do wrong. When a boy once begins, no matter how small the beginning may be, he steps into a railroad car on the top of a steep hill, down which he will run with fearful rapidity and be dashed in destruction in an abyss of crime below.

Jokes on Great Men.—The talented editor of the Springfield Republic, (Mr. Gallagher,) who was on the jury in the recent slave case, before the circuit court, relates the following amusing incidents of the trial:

"Ex-Governor Corwin did not make his appearance within the bar until toward the close of the argument on this cause. Soon after he entered, Ex-Senator Morris, while combating the prejudice against colored persons, remarked that a 'deep copper' was the original standard color. Every one in the room turned towards Corwin as a fair specimen of the standard, and the 'copper colored critter' bowed his acknowledgements to all!"

One of the witnesses was asked to describe the clothing of one of the slaves. He was at a loss as to the color. "It was walnut died cloth," he said; "he did not know what to call the color, but it was just like the head of one of the lawyers; he had forgotten the name—oh, yes! it was the color of Mr. Hamer's hair! The judge, at this time, was turned upon the walnut headed gentleman from Brown."

It wouldn't be probably to mention the thing publicly, but I will say to your readers, *entre nous*, that Judge McLean's recently married wife, an amiable and accomplished lady, is a whole-hearted abolitionist, President of a Female Anti-Slavery Society, and warmly befriended all of that way. The lawyers on the abolition side of the case appeared determined that the judge should not forget the views of his "better half." "May it please the court," said one of them, "there are thousands of respectable men in Ohio, who regard this act of the defendant as a righteous act—aye, and ladies too, may it please your honor—ladies of distinction!" The Judge looked very grave. "And, your honor," said another one—"the ladies even have taken the side of the poor slave, and organized societies for the promotion of the sentiments we are now advocating!" The judge scratched his head. The laugh laid against the bench.

The Castle of Perote.—One of the Mexican prisoners at Perote, in Mexico, in a letter to the Pirayune, gives the following description of the celebrated Castle of Perote:—

"The Castle of Perote covers twenty-six acres of ground, and will accommodate ten thousand men. The outer row of apartments are seventy feet deep and thirty feet wide, with good brick or cement floors. The doors are thrown open at six o'clock in the morning and closed at the same hour in the evening. At night there is a free circulation of air, and a barrel of pure water is furnished to each room. The Texans, sixty-two in number, have three of the rooms for their accommodation. There is a square block of buildings inside of the one we occupy, which the governor and officers attached to the garrison have for their use. A large square inside of the last named building is beautifully paved and beautifully supplied with the best of water. We are allowed to go where we please inside of the outer wall during the day. Every room and the pavement are swept early each morning by Mexican prisoners. Coffee is furnished us twice a day, with plenty of good bread. Beans, rice, potatoes and beef are also given us; but beef of a good quality is not to be had in this part of the country."

"Sarah Togue."—Mr Chandler, of the United States Gazette, left his sanctum recently on a visit to Niagara Falls, &c. He never misses a good thing, and so he relates the following to his "Arm Chair."

"We stopped at Schenectady a short time, where there was a great disturbance among the passengers, who were separating for various routes. While I was standing solitary at a distance from the company, and gazing at the group around me, I noticed a well dressed person leaving a small company that he had said something to, and coming directly toward me. When he had saluted me with much courtesy, he said—

"My dear sir, are you for Sarah Togue?"

We hesitated to give an answer, not

recollecting the lady whose name he mentioned, and unwilling to disavow all attachment, provided she was worthy of special regard.

"Do you go for Sarah Togue?" said he. Now as I had a company near me, I did not like to make so open a confession; and as the gentleman seemed to be in a hurry, I remarked—

"I can't say that I go for Sarah Togue entirely, but I go in for Henry Clay, heart and hand."

"That's right," said he; "hurrah for Clay! but I must see who's for Sarah Togue;" and in two minutes I heard the bell ring, and saw a car start off for "Saratoroga."

Important to Bachelors.—The London Dispatch, in reply to a correspondent, has the following grave advice to bachelors:

"A Bachelor (Birmingham) may address a lady as 'Madam,' if, however, he claim an acquaintance with her, he may employ the terms 'dear Madam,' and should there be a little bit of tender attachment. 'My very dear Madam,' but in case of being in love, and an interchange of affection be evinced, something like the endearing term of 'dear girl' may be used. Always use 'dear girl' when the object addressed is over thirty, for at that age women like to be thought young. When a man is in love over cars in love, and the woman he addresses in a similar predicament, the more extravagant the terms used to convey his passion, the more will his suit be admired. Remember always address a woman over thirty as 'my dearest girl,' or 'charming girl.'"

Mortality at Sea.—The brig Aurora, arrived at Wilmington, N. C. last week from Cienfuegos, had five different Captains during her voyage. She cleared in March for the West Indies, but encountering a gale off Frying Pan, returned to port, when the captain then in charge left her. Another took his place, who died in a short time in the West Indies. Another and another still, successors, died, and she was brought into Wilmington in charge of the mate of a Boston vessel.

Dreadful Accident.—The Reading Democratic Press of Tuesday says:—We stop the press to record the occurrence of a dreadful accident on the Reading and Pottsville railroad this morning at three o'clock, about two miles above Reading. One train of cars laden with coal, and the other empty, came in collision, breaking and mashing into fragments one, and injuring another, killing two men and wounding five or six others who were on the train. The hands of the train coming down the road, escaped uninjured, by leaping, but the train from Reading being much lighter, was completely destroyed. We repaired to the dreadful scene at day break, and such a mass of ruins we never looked upon before. The hands were just taking out the mangled body of George Heckman, who was instantly killed, and shortly afterwards, the dead body of Daniel Fornwalt was drawn from the wreck. Gottfried Fornwalt, his father, had one of his legs broken, and injured otherwise, so that he is not likely to recover; Samuel Shultz had several ribs broken, and Conrad Fegan, Jr. was also badly wounded. Damage must be immense.

Double Murder near Toronto, U. C.—The Rochester Democrat gives the particulars of the murder of a gentleman named Kennear, residing near Toronto, by his servant McDermot. Hearing a noise at night, Mr K. left his chamber to ascertain the cause, and was met and shot through the heart by McDermot, his house keeper having, it would seem, been previously strangled. After this double murder, the other two servants, McDermot and a maid servant, the only other inmates of the house, proceeded next morning, Sunday, to Toronto, with master's wagon and horse which they offered for sale—failing of which they embarked in a steamer for Lewiston. Meantime, a gentleman who was to dine with Mr K. on Sunday, found the house deserted, and soon after the dead bodies, notified the authorities of Toronto, who immediately dispatched a steamer with officers to Lewiston, where the murderers were found in bed. They were reconveyed to Toronto, examined and committed, the female having made confession.

A Good Retort.—An old woman seeing a sailor go by her door, and supposing him to be her son William, called out to him, "Billy, where is my cow gone?" The sailor replied in a contemptuous manner, "to the d—, for what I know." "Well, as you are going that way," said the old woman, "I wish you would let down the bars."

Not Bad.—May is considered an unfortunate month for marrying. A country editor says that a girl was asked not long since to unite herself in the silken tie to a brash chap, who named May in his proposals. The lady hinted that May was an unlucky month for marrying. "Well, in June then," honestly replied the swain, who was anxious to accommodate. The damsel paused a moment, hesitated, cast down her eyes, and said with a blush, "wouldn't April do as well?"

Gone Crazy.—The editor of the Saint Louis Evening Gazette. Caused by suddenly coming into possession of three dollars at once!

A Hard Customer.—The Wetumpka Argus contains an offer of one thousand acres of land, made by Obadiah Langston, of Bibb county, Alabama, for the arrest of a man named Mark W. Doss, and his delivery into the custody of any keeper of a jail in Texas. Said Doss is represented as having deserted his wife, stolen a wagon and team in Alabama, gone over to Texas, where he turned to preaching as a Baptist minister, making great show of outward sanctity. He ingratiated himself into the good favor of a widow lady, and then stole her gold watch and decamped. He then reappeared in another

part of Texas, represented his wife in Alabama to be dead, turned to preaching the gospel again, married a yellow woman, quarrelled with the brother of his first wife, and waylaid and shot him. He was thrown into jail, but broke out twice, and the last time made good his escape. He is now supposed to be in Tennessee or Mississippi, either scattered or preaching glad tidings, as before. The fellow sings well, and when a resident of Bibb county, Alabama, used to teach in singing schools. Editors are requested to pass him round, that, if in the United States, he may be rooted out and returned to Texas.

Power of Endurance.—A man(?) lately stole a horse in New York, and locked him up in a stable, after which he ran away. The horse remained fourteen days in the stable without food or drink. With a little kind treatment he has entirely recovered, and is now doing well.

An Exchange no Robbery.—A friend of ours in attendance at the party given by Mr. Henshaw in Boston on the occasion of Mr. Tyler's visit, when about to leave was unable to find his hat.

"Was it a good one I enquired the host."

"Yes and new; purchased only last week."

"It's useless to look for it then, for the good hats have all been gone an hour," was the comforting response.—Hampden Post.

A Good one.—The following is now going the rounds, and we help it a foot or two on the journey:—An old clergyman, and rather an eccentric one without, whose field of labor was a town in the interior of New England, one Sunday at the close of his services gave notice to the congregation that in the course of the week, he expected to go on a mission to the heathen. The members of the church were struck with alarm and sorrow at the sudden and unexpected announcement of the love of their beloved pastor, and one of the deacons, in great agitation, exclaimed—"Why my dear sir, you have never told us one word of this before! What shall we do?" "Oh brother C—," said the parson, with the greatest sing frowd, "I don't expect to go out of town."

Letters from Rome state that the Pope is anxious to revive the ancient ceremony of solemnly crowning the greatest poet at the capitol, and that he has offered this distinguished honor to Chateaubriand. The Vicomte has declined the intended honor.

Marion and his men.—The Cheraw, (S. C.) Gazette relates the following anecdote:

An old lady, well known in the region of country between Georgetown and Marion court house related to a friend of ours a few days ago, a revolutionary anecdote, which we take pleasure in putting on record.

At the period to which we allude, the narrator was in the first blush of maidenly beauty, and resided with her mother near Port's Ferry, her father having previously been called hence to appear before his God. The British had possession of Georgetown, and were kept in constant alarm by the intrepid Swamp Fox and his brave and enterprising followers. Scouts from either of the contending parties were frequently seen near her mother's residence. Upon one occasion, one of Gen. Marion's agents left under her charge a quantity of provisions, and immediately after a party of the British called, searched the premises and discovered the hidden supplies. They charged upon her mother the fact of their being designed for the support of the rebel army. She prevaricated, and the officer in command insisted that she should have them hauled to the river and shipped to Charleston. The old lady said she would have them hauled as directed, but could not be responsible for them after they left her premises; that some of Marion's men were constantly scouting about there and would watch and seize them as soon as they were removed. Taking advantage of this hint, the British scouts resolved to carry off with them all they could bear away, and ordered her to have the remainder shipped immediately. With this intent, they proceeded to examine the supplies so as to secure the most valuable and consequently the most valuable. The daughter, now four-score years of age; and still in possession of all her faculties, watched these proceedings with a restless and jealous eye; and was determined if possible, to defeat their object. Retiring from the house for a few minutes, she hastily returned, and in apparent alarm and agitation, exclaimed—"Marion and his men are coming!" A scout hovering on the edge of the neighboring thickets gave plausibility to the assertion. The British beat a hasty retreat, and before night-fall the provisions were removed by a patriotic band to a place of greater security, and freed from the prying curiosity of British emissaries.

More American Manufacture going abroad.—Troy and Canton.—One of our "Canton merchants" made a purchase on Saturday of 50 dozen razor straps of the celebrated manufacture of our fellow citizen, Mr. Isaac Hillman, No. 188 Congress street, for the Canton market. The same gentleman carries out a large lot of American cutlery and American lead.—He informs us that he found it extremely difficult when in Boston last week to obtain a supply of domestics by the 15th of August, the orders already received by the manufacturers being so full as to keep them constantly at work. There have already been exported from Boston to China the present year, 15,000,000 yards of cotton goods, while from Great Britain to China, the export has been only 12,000,000 yards. The celestial give our cloths the preference.—[Troy Whig.

ANECDOTES OF BONAPARTE AT ST. HELENA.

ST. HELENA. The Emperor's habits during the time he stayed with us were very simple, and regular. His usual hour for getting up was eight, and he seldom took any thing but a cup of coffee till 1 o'clock, when he breakfasted, or rather lunched; he dined at eight, and retired at about eleven to his room. His manner was so unaffectedly kind and amiable that I soon felt perfectly at ease in his society, and looked upon him more as a companion of my own age than as the mighty warrior at whose name the world grew pale. His spirits were very good, and he was at times almost malicious in his love of mirth and glee, not unmingled sometimes with a tinge of malice.

Shortly after his arrival, a little girl, Miss Legg, daughter of a friend, came to visit us at the Briers. The poor child had heard such terrific stories of Bonaparte that when I told her he was coming up the lawn, she clung to me in an agony of terror. Forgetting my own former fears, I was cruel enough to run and tell Napoleon of the child's fright, begging him to come into the house. He walked up to her and brushing up his hair with his hand, shook his head, making horrible faces, and giving a sort of savage growl. The little girl screamed so violently that mamma was afraid she would go into hysterics, and took her out of the room.

Napoleon laughed a good deal at the idea of his being such a lug bear and would not believe me when I told him that I had stood in the same terror of him. When I made this confession, he tried to frighten me as he had done Miss Legg, by brushing up his hair and distorting his features; but he looked more grotesque and horrible, and I laughed at him. He then, as a last resource, tried the howl but was equally unsuccessful, and seemed, I thought, a little provoked that he could not frighten me. He said the howl was Cossack, and it certainly was barbarous enough for any thing.

The following is her description of the personal appearance of Napoleon: "His appearance on horseback was noble and imposing. The animal he rode was a superb one; his color jet black; and as he proudly stepped up the avenue, arching his neck and champing his bit, I thought him worthy to be the bearer of him who was once the ruler of nearly the whole European world!

"Napoleon's position on horseback, by adding height to his figure, supplied all that was wanting to make him the most majestic person I had ever seen. His dress was green, and covered with orders; and his saddle and housings crimson velvet, richly embroidered with gold. He alighted at our house, and we all moved to the entrance to receive him. Sir George Cockburn introduced us to him. On a near approach Napoleon, contrasting as his short figure did with the noble height and aristocratic bearing of Sir George Cockburn, lost something of the dignity which had so much struck me on first seeing him. He was dead pale, and I thought his features, though cool and immovable, and somewhat stern, were very beautiful. He seated himself on one of our cottage chairs, and after scanning our little apartment with his eagle glance, he complimented mamma on the pretty situation of the Briers. When went to speak, his fascinating smile and kind manner removed every vestige of the fear with which I had regarded him. While he was talking to mamma, I had an opportunity of scrutinizing his features, which I did with the keenest interest; and certainly I have never seen any one with so remarkable and striking a physiognomy. The portraits of him gave a good general idea of his features; but his smile, and the expression of his eye, could not be transmitted to canvass, and these constituted Napoleon's chief arm. His hair was a dark brown, and as fine and silky as a child's; rather too much so indeed for a man as it caused it to look thin. His teeth were even, but rather dark, and I afterwards found that this arose from his constant habit of eating liquorice, of which he always kept a supply in his waistcoat pocket.

SPAIN.

The state of Spain is a riddle which seems every day to approach solution, yet is not solved. Attention is concentrated just now upon three points: the Regent, the capital, and the two Generals Zurbano and Narvaez, who have been dodging each other somewhere about Saragossa. The Regent was moving northward—what for, no one can tell; some say that he runs away to Cadix; others that he is to strike some sudden blow; and others, that his whole plans, hitherto so inexplicable, will soon reach maturity and restore every thing. The insurgents, under General Aspiroz, have occupied the heights near Madrid; and there they stop, too weak to attack, their opponents too weak to chase them away. The partisans of Narvaez aver that he is ten or twelve thousand strong, and 'advancing' somewhere; his enemies, that he is only three or four thousand strong, or rather, so many weak, for his men are mutinous, and that he is retreating. And *mutatis mutandis*, precisely the same things are said of Zurbano. In a general view, the insurrection seems to have spread so as to envelope nearly all Spain, but not to have gained strength; so that its diffusion at most appears to entail weakness. On the other hand, the government forces are broken up in separate parts. Whether

the revolution or the government will crumble to pieces first, from internal weakness, looks like a matter of chance. M. Guizot, this denied French intervention in Spain, in terms so direct as to command defence and faith. The one thing palpably certain is the frightful disorganization of Spain. Spain is incompetent to the functions of a nation; and the madness which racks it is so violent and lasting that people who do not adore the idol of 'the balance of power,' might almost wish that it were conquered, bound down, like a suicidal maniac, to have civilization forced upon it.—Spectator.

CHINA.—By a wag. A friend who has been off and on, a great deal in China, and who has a shrewd turn for observation, with a lurking vein of satire in him, and who is moreover as thorough a 'sat.' as ever walked a deck, has sent us some curious notes about China. We annex some to day, beginning with 'Chinese Contradictions.'

Our writings begin on the left and goes horizontally—theirs at the right, and runs perpendicularly. Our pen is hard and held slantingly—theirs, the softest brush, and held perpendicularly. All their books begin just where ours ends, (on the last leaf.) Our alphabet is the leader in our language; they have none. We use metal types; they, only wood. In China you see old men flying kites; boys looking on with gravity. We shave our face and leave the hair on our head; they, the head, leaving the hair on the face. We say, 3d of the month, of the year 1843; they say 1843, 4th mo. 3d day, &c. The points of the compass they reverse, beginning at the south, and say W. S. instead of S. W., &c. For mourning they wear white; and following a corpse to the burial, they run or walk very fast and make all sorts of noises, instead of walking calmly and quiet as we do. The Chinese puts on his hat to be polite, and to receive guests with it is to be familiar. The left is the seat of honor. The Chinese wear no hats of furs, but put them on their bodies, and use silk for their heads; they wear their stockings over their trousers, tucking the latter inside. We drink tea with our meals, and with sugar and cream—they taking it without any thing else, and no cream and sugar. We have our shoes well blacked—the Chinese keeps the leather part of his perfectly white.—We ring bells by striking the inner side—they outside. We took upon Christianity as the purifier of the heart and affection; they consider it to be the corruptor of both. Peeling an orange, they turn the knife from them instead of towards them. Thatching a house, they begin at the top of the roof instead of the eaves. They carve their meat before they cook it. They hang their feather down instead of sticking it up. They drink their wines and their water warm. Priests stand in low estimation; and of lawyers, there are none.—N. Y. Amer.

INDIAN COUNCIL.—We learn from the Van Buren (Arkansas) Intelligencer, that the great Indian council at Tah-le-quah, in the Cherokee nation, closed its deliberations on the 3d instant. Delegates from the Cherokee, Creek, Chickasaw, Delaware, Shawnee, Piankasha, Wea, Orange, Seneca, Stockbridge, Ottawa, Chippewa, Peoria, Wichita, Potawatomi, and Seminole tribes, were present. The result of their deliberations was a compact: To maintain peace and friendship among each other. To abstain from retaliation for personal offences. To provide for the improvement of their people in agriculture, manufactures, and other arts of peace. That no party shall, without the consent of the whole sell, cede, or in any manner alienate to the United States any part of their present territory. To provide for the punishment of crimes committed by the citizens of one nation to citizenship in any other nation. To endeavor to suppress the use of ardent spirits within the limits of their respective nations; and to prohibit its introduction by the citizens of one nation into the territory of another.

A Queer Division.—An assignee's notice in a North Carolina paper announces for sale among other things, "an interest in a negro man named Peters, it being one-third of one-eighth of said negro."

Mad Dogs.—A Precentive.—An infallible preventive of spontaneous hydrophobia in dogs, will be found in flour of sulphur, a small particle of which should be mixed with their food or drink. It has been known in Europe for centuries, and is always used to prevent the dreadful disease from breaking out among the packs of hounds upon the estates of English noblemen.

Forty tons measurement of wooden clocks have been shipped on board of the packet ship Splendid, at New York for England.

More than a thousand slaves are said to have escaped from the Island of Guadaloupe to British Islands, in the confusion which followed the great earthquake on that island.

A gentleman residing near Darby, Delaware county, Pennsylvania, states that in his neighborhood the carcasses of a cow and a calf were taken from a tree about nine feet from the ground, where the animals had been lifted and lodged by the late freshet. A hog was taken alive from another tree.

POLITICAL ITEMS. Tennessee has elected a Whig Governor by a majority of 4,204, and a Whig Legislature, both Senate and House, with a majority of eight on joint ballot. State Senate, 14 whigs to 11 locos. House of Representatives, 40 whigs to 35 locos.—Congressmen, 6 locos to 5 whigs. North Carolina has elected 5 locos to 4 whigs to Congress. Kentucky has elected 5 whigs and 5 locos to Congress.

Home Affections.—The heart has memories that cannot die. The rough rubs of the world cannot obliterate them. There is a magic in the very sound. There is the old tree under which the light-hearted boy swung in many a summer day, yonder the river in which he learned to swim; there the house in which he knew a parent's love, and found a parent's protection—now there is the room in which he romped with brother or with sister, long since, alas! laid in the yard in which he must soon be gathered; overshadowed by yon old church; whither with a joyous troop like myself he has often followed his parents to worship with, and bear the good old man who gave him to God in baptism. Why even the very school house, associated in youthful days with thoughts of ferule and tasks, now comes back to bring pleasant remembrances of many an attachment there formed; many an occasion that called forth some generous exhibition of the traits of human nature. There he learned to tell some of his best emotions. There, perchance, he first met the being who by her love and tenderness in after life has made a home for himself happier even than that which his childhood knew. There are certain feelings of humanity, and those too among the best, that can find an appropriate place for their exercise only by one's own friends. There is sacredness in the privacy of that spot which it were a species of desecration to violate! He who seeks wantonly to invade it is neither more nor less than a villain; and hence there exists no surer tests of the debasement of morals in a community, than the disposition to tolerate in any mode the man who disregards the sanctities of private life. In the turmoil of the world let there be at least one spot where the poor may find affection that is disinterested, where he may indulge a confidence that is not likely to be abused.

Important scientific discovery in Spain. We translate the following important article from a Madrid paper of the 14th June, in relation to a new discovery for propelling vessels: "We inform the public that we have seen the model of a new invention for propelling ships, by Mr. Andres Iza, and which has been constructed by means furnished by our Institute here, for promoting mechanical inventions. The one alluded to is unquestionably highly important, from the immense locomotive power applied by hand, through the agency of an endless chain attached to the wheels of twenty and thirty feet diameter, according to the depth of water and height of the vessel; it is demonstrated that the power of one man thus applied, is equal to six horses in steamers; it is shown that four portable wheels can be easily applied to a ship of war of three or four hundred men, possessing thus a tremendous locomotive power by the principle in question; the same is applicable to the merchantmen without extraordinary hard work. A most glaring revolution in navigation has been attained by Mr. Iza, but he requires the support of the whole nation that his invention should not be usurped by foreigners, as has happened with steam power."

Cure for Foot Rot in Sheep.—I take the liberty of sending you the following very simple remedy for the Foot Rot in Sheep: I had occasion to procure a Spanish Merino Buck, a few months ago, from a distant part of the country, and on going into my sheep yard soon afterwards, I found him very lame in two of his feet, so much so scarcely to be able to walk. I immediately removed him to the barn floor, and on examination found that his lameness was occasioned by that scourge of the Ovine race—the foot rot. I cleared the hoofs thoroughly with soap suds, and fled to my books for a remedy. I soon found in the 'Complete Gazette,' page 165, several remedies for this disease; but as I had not at hand the ingredients of which they were composed, I laid aside my books, and took down that 'cure all' among farmers, my bottle of spirits of turpentine, and with a feather applied it to the part affected, quite plentifully, twice or three times in the space of three days, keeping him upon the dry floor, when I found that a perfect cure had been effected, and put him with the flock again, and have seen nothing of the lameness since.

Now, Mr. Editors, this is a simple remedy, and found in every farmer's medicine chest, and I can safely vouch for its efficacy.—[Albany Cultivator.

The public are cautioned against counterfeit five dollar bills on the Wilmington and Brandywine Bank—also against spurious Relief issues of the Miners Bank at Pottsville.

General Jackson's Fine.—The Mississippi Legislature, now in extra session, has passed a resolution instructing the Senators and Representatives in Congress, from that state, to urge the passage of a law refunding to General Jackson the said fine of one thousand dollars, with interest and costs, imposed on him by the said Louisiana judge.

The following is the amount of outstanding Treasury Notes on the 1st inst., according to a statement of the Inspector of the Treasury: Of issues prior to the 31st of August 1842, \$6,854,457 17 Of notes issued under act of August 31, 1842, 3,008,340 50 \$9,862,797 73 Deduct cancelled notes in the hands of accounting officers, 3,637,070 34 \$6,225,727 39

Deaths ending Monday the 4th August, 1843.—Anna Powell, 85y, consumption. William L. Empey, 50y, cancer. James Harris, 19y, diarrhoea. Infant of John Greenhouse. Wm. D. Jones, 2m 12d, inflammation of the brain. Elizabeth Boyd, 35y, ague and fever. Nephi Wells, 10y, diarrhoea. Oliver H. P. Taggard, 19y 5m, bilious fever. Washington Taggard, 57y, bilious fever. Elisabeth Simonds, 63y, fever. Angeline Burch, 11m, measles. Edmund Lovel, 2y 7m, measles. Ann Parker, 29y, cancer. Elisabeth Washburn, child cholera. James Hodson, 1y, bloody flux. To tal 15.

W. D. HUNTING FOR Sexton. We are authorized to announce DAVID GREENLEAF as a candidate for Probate Justice of the Peace of Hancock county, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of General James Adams. 1843.

NOTICE. The Nauvoo Legion is hereby ordered to meet for general parade on the prairie near Gen. Joseph Smith's farm, on Saturday September the 16th 1843, at 10 o'clock a m. By order of the Major General, H. MCFALL, Adj. Gen. Nauvoo, August 23, 1843.

DUNN AND COLEMAN'S Patent Fanning-Mills for sale by ALLEN & KELLY. Also, Cider Vinegar by the barrel. sept 1, 1843-19:tf

From the St. Louis Price Current. CORRECTED WEEKLY. from 10

SAINT LOUIS WEEKLY PRICE CURRENT. CORRECTED WEEKLY. from 10

REVIEW OF THE SAINT LOUIS MARKETS. REPUBLICAN OFFICE. St. Louis, August 22, 1843.

Remarks.—We have very few alterations to make in our figures of last week. The market for most articles of produce has been inactive, with very little general business doing. Much fear is entertained that the crops of corn, tobacco, and hemp will be seriously injured by the present dry weather. The corn in the adjacent countries, we are told, has begun to curl and turn yellow, and the tobacco, in many places has already been very much injured. All the streams above are still falling fast. The rivers are navigable yet, but the boats experience a good deal of difficulty in the Missouri from the sand bars. On the Rapids of the Mississippi there is reported but 33 inches. The Illinois has about three feet water in the channel—and only 28 inches on the Beardstown bar.

Flour.—There have been but few operations to record this week, although a better spirit evidently prevails than at our last date. On Monday a lot of 200 bbls was sold at \$3 75, and yesterday we heard of one or two sales of smaller lots at the same price, which we quote as the market price to-day; remarking, that though the article is firm at that rate, the demand is limited, as speculators are not disposed to operate at those figures. The receipts of country flour are light. City Mills' brands are still held at \$4 45.

Wheat.—The demand continues active, and from the very limited receipts a further advance has been paid. We have noticed sales of several small lots this week at from 66 to 70 cents, and this morning the last figures are freely offered for a good article. The demand, however, is confined to the city for grinding.

Corn.—A few small lots have been sold at 20 a 21 cents exclusive of sack for city use. We hear of no inquiry for shipment, but there is a considerable portion of the receipts re-shipped for other markets.

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Fig. 2 50 0 00
Bary 3 25 0 00
Sheet 0 00 0 00
Pipe 0 00 0 00
Lime, per bushel 3 75 4 00
Common 10 10
Hydraulic Cement, per bbl. 3 75 4 00
Leather, per lb. 20 25
Sole, 24 25
Stairing, 1 00 0 00
Upper, per side 40 00 30 00
Califkins, per dozen 00 00 30 33
Bridle, 00 12 00 30
Morocco, 00 12 00 30
Molasses, per gallon. 14 15
New Orleans, 28 30
Sugar House, 28 30
Nasal Stone, 28 30
Tar, per bbl. 5 00 5 00
4 gallon keg. 0 75 1 00
Pitch, per bbl. 3 00 3 00
Rosin, 3 50 4 00
Spirit Tar-pentine, per gallon, 50 50
Varnish, bright, 35 00
Oakum, per lb., 8 10

Oil.
Lard, per gallon, 80 87 1/2
Sperm, winter, 87 1 00
summer, 75 0 00
Lard, 65 0 00
Fish, per bbl. 17 00 00 00
Castor, per gallon, 45 0 00

Paints.
White Lead, 10 15
Red, 40 45
Chrome Yellow, 5 0 0
Green, 5 0 0
Spanish Brown, 4 0 0
Provisions.
Beef, Mess, per bbl. 5 50 5 75
Prime, 3 50 3 75
Tongues, per dozen, 0 00 0 00
Pork, Clear, per bbl. 7 50 8 00
Mess, 6 50 6 75
M. O., 5 75 5 00
Prime, 5 50 5 75
P. O., 0 00 0 00
Hog round, per lb., 11 0 0
Bacon, Hams, 3 1 7
d. Canvassed, 3 1 7
Middlings, 28 26
Shoulders, 14 2
Hog round, 2 0 0
Lard, 3 4 16
Butter, 4 16
Cheese, common, 6 4 1
Western Reserve 4 1 1
Eggs, 3 1 4
Sacks.
Linen, 23 30
Cotton, 16 26
Salt, per bushel, 37 00
Turk's Island, 1 75 1 50
G. A., per sack, 1 75 2 00
Kansawha, per bushel, 30 31
Salt-petre, per lb., 1 1 12 1/2
Refined, 84 00
Crude, 84 00
Soda—per bushel: 4 00 4 50
Clover, 37 1 00
Timothy, 37 1 00
Flax, 44 00
Hemp, 23 30
Shot—per bag.
All sizes, 1 00 1 12 1/2
Spice—per lb.
Cassia, in matk, 28 00
Cloves, 40 50
Ginger, Mace, 11 15
Nutmeg, 1 25 1 50
Pepper, 94 100
Pimento, 20 12 1/2
Soap—per lb.
Eastern, No. 1, 8 7
No. 2, 4 6
Western, No. 1, 3 4
No. 2, 3 4
Sugars—per lb.
Louisiana, 33 54
Havana, White, 11 12 1/2
Brown, 7 7 1/2
Loaf, No. 1, 17 13 1/2
No. 2, 14 00
No. 3, 14 00
Crushed, 10 00
Steel—per lb.
English, Blistered, 15 00
Cast, 22 00
Crowley, 12 00
German, 15 00
American, Blistered, 8 0 0
Tallow—per lb.
Imperial, 60 65
Gunpowder 60 60
Hyson, 37 50
Young, 25 25
Skin, 20 25
Boba, 30 33
Seouchong, 30 33
Tea—per lb.
Black, 31 33
Plates, 1-3 X per box, 11 00 00 00
Twine—per lb.
Sewing, 40 50
Vinegar—per gallon:
White Wine, 35 40
Cider, 12 18 1/2
Blue Vitriol, 15 00
Sugar Lead, 31 00
Rhubarb, 80 1 50
Wine—per gallon.
Madeira, 2 50 3 50
Sicily, 6 50 8 50
Trentford, 5 50 8 50
Malaga, Sweet, 37 00
Dry, 37 00
ort, 2 50 3 50
Imitation, 65 75
Claret, in bbls, 00 00 00 00
in cases, 2 00 4 00
Champagne, 10 00 16 00
Wine—per lb.
Zinc—per lb., 15 00
Live Stock.
Beef Cattle, per cwt., 2 00 2 50
Sheep, each, 0 00 2 00
Hogs, dressed, per cwt., 1 50 2 00

ST. LOUIS BANK NOTE TABLE. BASED UPON OFFICE. Corrected weekly by George Mason, 61 Main Street. St. Louis, August 4.

Bank of Missouri per par.
City Warrants 1 dia.
County Warrants 1 dia.
Wisconsin Marine Insurance Co. 15 dia.
State Bank of Illinois 45 a 50 dia.
Certificate of the State Bk. of Illinois 50 to 65 dia.
Bank of Illinois 50 to 65 dia.
Bank of Cairo 20 dia
Miners' Bank of Dubuque 20 dia
Ohio, country, generally 20 dia
Cincinnati 15 dia.
State Bank of Indiana 15 dia.
Indiana Strip, \$50 40 dia.
" " \$5 37 dia.
Kentucky Banks 4 to 1 dia.
United States Bank Notes 55 dia.
Pennsylvania, specie paying 5 to 3 dia.
Maryland " 5 to 3 dia.
Virginia Banks 11 to 2 dia.
N. York and N. England Banks 2 to 3 dia.
Bank of Louisiana 2 to 1 dia.
Suspended New Orleans Banks, 30 to 80 dia.
Alabama 80 to 25 dia.
Arkansas Bank 75 to 80 dia.
Michigan Bank 15 to 20 dia.
Tennessee 8 dia.
Treasury Notes Exchange on N. Y., Boston, Phila. per 100 1 dia.
New Orleans, " " 1 dia.
Specie

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